#### BALZAC IN ENGLISH

A NOVEL WITHOUT A HEROINE. OUSIN PONS. By HONORS DE BALZAO. Roberts

The power by which Balzac is distinguished from all other novelists is displayed remarkably in "Cousin Pons." The plan of the story is of the simplest. It has but two motives-friendship and greed. The characters are few, the situations commonplace. But the interest of the story never flags. The development of the little drama proceeds with steady pace. As the people concerned go about their several functions their reality grows upon us. and the fortunes of the two musicians absorb us until the climax of the sordid tragedy is reached. The friendship of Pons and Schmucke is one of the purest and most beautiful creations in fiction. nese two old men, drawn together by a community of occupations and tastes, come to have but one life between them. Each is the complement of the other. Each is necessary to the other. Of the two, Schmucke is the higher soul. Pons is capable of baseness. He sacrifices his self-respect to his gourmandise. He degrades himself into the barelytolerated, despised and put-upon poor relation rather than forego the good dinners which are the recompense for his humiliation. In comparison with mos of the other people in the story he is indeed good man; but in comparison with Schmucke

he is full of forbles. The poor old German is one of those tender creatares who seem sent into the world without an epidermis or any means of defence or offence. Age does not oring them worldly wisdom, nor suspicion, per craft, nor indurated feelings. Gentle and affect tionate as women, they are as innocent and as sensitive. When such characters are exposed to the eruelties belonging to the battle of life they faint and wither. They have no mental stamme. Mistoriune strikes them harder than then fellows and they have far less power of endurance and far more capacity for suffering. Nowhere in fiction has this type of humanity been drawn so admirably as in the pages of Balzac. Nowhere has a more exaited and touching friendship than that of Pous and Schmucke been depicted. There are episodes in the history of this friendship which approach the sublime; such, for instance, as that in which schmacke recalls Pons from the very hold of death by the intensity of his will force and the agony of his love. There is only one parallel to this scene in literature. It is that moving event in the career of the Hebrew Prophe which resulted in the recovery of the dying lad into whose sinking frame the strength of a divinely reinforced vitality had been breatget. Only second to this is the picture of Schmacke wrestling with the dark angel for the life of his friend.

But such men as the two musicians are apt to have double portions of sorrow measured out to them in this life. The world only recognizes then helplessness as indicating that they are an easy prey, and it rends tuem pitilessly. Balzae make no mistakes in his social diagnosis. Wien a Ponand a senmucke come together there will be a Madame Cibot to ensuare and rob them. The description of this wo man is misterly. She is a typi cal concierge; vuigar, cunning, greedy, full loquacity, boastful, irritable, without real hu nanity or compunction, and capable even of crime whe her avarice is fully revealed, she has all the qualfties and views of her class, together with the mannerisms and ways of thinking. Her visit to the old medium or sorceress is a wonderful piece of work. She goes because she is auxious to learn the future, but though the revelation frightens her i has no deterrent effect, and she proceeds to carry out her plans with characteristic persistency. The gathering of the vultures round dying animal is suggested by the hatching the conspiracy against poor Pons. In forty years of assiduous collecting, aided by the knowledge of a specialist, he has gitnered together a mass of art objects-paintings, statuary, carved work, enamels, etc., worth at least a milijon francs. To rob him of his collection is the object of the Jew, Elie Magus, the Auvergnat second-hand dealer. Remonence and the Robespierrean lawyer Fraisier The last becomes the agent of Madame de Mar-ville, the cruellest of Consin Pons's relations, and the combination, of which the Cibot is the centre, gradually draws the net closer around the victim The progress of this hideous plot, the awakening of suspicion in the mind of the dying man, his discovery of the manusurers of the rogues, his attempt to counteract them, the failure of his plan through the simplicity of poor Schmucke, all is told with unapproached realis n Chara is no obstruction in the current. Everything marches toward the trage end with the steadiness of Fate. There could be no chance o escape for Pons and Schmucke with such deliber ate villany, as ucity and resources massed against them. An inferior writer might have made the n triumph over their enemies, but Balzac was describ ing reat life, and he would not be unfaithful to hi In life the Ponses and Schmuckes are predestined

victims. Thackeray, honself also a great and profound artist, has recognized this truth fully. Frothe first, therefore, the collection of Pons wa doomed, nor was there any hope that in bequeathing it to Schmucke his friend could secure the sucon, the will making Schmacke the heir is indeed valid, but to a lawyer of Fraisier's cambre the error evention of the most valid testament is a facile audertaking. The means employed by thiarch-scoundrel to hunt down the miscrable heir finishes the work of the conspirators by killing the old German. Accused of naving schemed and intrigued to get himself made Pous's heir-he who would have given his life ten times over, had it been possible, to save his friend-the poor righteous man's heart is broken and he simply hes down and dies.

It is a tragedy. There is no love-making in the book, for it would be blaspnemy so to denominate the brutish courtship of the Cibot by Remonencq There is no herome. There is scarcely a young man in the story, and but one young woman, Cecile de Marville, and she is a repulsive creature, feebier than her wicked mother, but not lovable. Yet we do not miss accustomed amorous motive, not the intercourse between youth and beauty, nor the frequent change of scene by which ordinary writers seek to avoid tedium. The power and reality of the story rivet us from the beginning. The series of marvellous portraits by which Balzac makes us not acquainted, merety, but intimate with, his characters, forces upon our minds all the distinguishing traits of these people. It is history rather than romance that we are reading. It is only in actual life that such men and women are seen, and that such deeds are done in such ways. It is a terrible picture and vet it is so skilfully, so artistically relieved that the beauties of the old meu's friendship, the pathos of their martyrdom, create impressions which dominate the painful reconcections of their undoing. In effeet, vice triumphs and virtue is trampled under foot, as too of en happens in real life. Balzac does not trifle with the legitimate effect of his work by suggesting a moral. As in the actual world we all free to real into the events which pass before us the meaning, the spiritual significance, which our own experience and ethical status suggest There are the facts. There is no theatrical compensation, no hint of the retribution which so eldom occurs. The beneficiaries of the villany which has sent the two friguds to their graves prosper. Fransier gets the coveted office of Juge-de-paix; his ally, the doctor, obtains the place for warch he had bargained. The Cibot, rich beyond her expectation, marries the murderer of her first husband. The Pons collection enables Madame de Marville to marry Cecile handsomely. All the suffering and mortification endured by Pons and Schmucke redound to the benefit of the scoundrels who robbed and killed the old men. But there can be no mistake as to the ethical bearing of the story. Balzac seldom goes outside of his characters to explain their action. He makes them display all their own foibles and excellences. This is his method in Cousin Pons," and never has iniquity been made to appear less attractive or more renglarye than in the subtle dissection of these evil creatures. There is indeed no master who ought to be more carefully

Miss Wormsley has translated "Cousin Pons" cursive writing palls.

studied than Baizac. He is full of pregnant sug-

gestion for all his successors, and there is not

one of them who may not sit at his feet and receive

very weil indeed. It was in some respects the mos difficult of any of the Balase stories she has under taken. The Teutonized French of Schmucke is extremely difficult to turn into English having just the same values. This, however, the translator has succeeded in doing, on the whole, quite satisfactority. We notice a few errors for which the proofreader is responsible. For instance, on page 114, near the bottom. "He has bought twelve thousand francs' worth of meadowland," should be "twelve hundred thousand francs' worth." This, of course, can be corrected in a later edition. Such blemishes are few and of little consequence. The translation, like that of the preceding volumes, is conscientious, sympathetic obscured in the least by its English dress. Occasionally a rendering might have been happier, but as a rule the version is close enough for all purposes. It is in fact a capital piece of work, and we are en couraged by it to hope that the publishers will fine it worth their while to reproduce much more of the Comedie Humaine than they may at first have con-

#### GREEK LITERATURE.

A READABLE NEW BOOK. A READABLE NEW BOOK.

A HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE, from the Earliest Period to the Death of Demo-thenes. By FRANK BYRON JEVONS, M. A., Tutor in the University of Darham. Crown Svo. pp. xvi., 509. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Jevons has written this book mainly for the

use of students at the universities and public chools, and others who are preparing for advanced examinations, but secondarily for those who are nterested in the general study of literature without enjoying an acquaintance with the Greek language. The qualities required for this double purpose have been remarkably well combined. Evidences of scholarship are abundant on almost every page, but points of minute criticism and citations in Greek are confined to foot-notes, so that the body of the text is left free for continuous narrative, exposition and commentary. Nor is it only in the arrangement of the matter that the wants of both classes of realers are indicionaly considered. The treatment of the subject is precise enough for the practical use of the student, and general enough to sustain the interest of the rdinary reader; indeed, with very little pretension to literary style, Mr. Jevons his nevertheless produced one of the most readable books of its dass which it has been our fortune to examine. At the beginning of his task Mr. Jevons finds

nimself face to face with the most serious problem of Greek criticism, the authorship of the Homeric poems. Before applying himself seriously to this question, he proposes to examine the poems themelves. The subject proper of the Iliad is the wrath of Achilles and its consequences; but this is only an incident of the Trojan war, and the story of that war forms therefore the background upon which the poem is to be displayed. The highly artistic nanner in which this background is painted in, the poet causing the plot itself to reveal what it presupposes, and constructing scenes which are necessary to the development of the dram and yet serve the purpose of conveying information of what has nappeared before the action of the drama begins, is exhibited by Mr. Jevons with acqueness and force ; and he treats with equal ability the question of the mity of the plot, and the evidences afforded thereby of a single constructive mind. It may be bjected that in this part of his work he puts out of onsideration, in a rather summery way, the argunents of other critics, who find in the Had a lack f the very qualities of construction which he asks s to admire; and the same thing may be said of is treatment of the Olyssey, in which, contrary to many respectable judgments, he discerns both unity of plot and a beautiful symmetry in the developnent of the parts. But it was not his plan to mingle in the endless battle of Grecians over the authorship of the High and the Odyssey. He con tents himself with presenting in a separate chapter a brief summary of the present state of "the Homeric question"; and since the problem, if not nsoluble, is at any rate not solved after so much learned dispute, he claims for the student of litera ture the right to rest in the old beliefs. "It seems afer," he says, in dismissing the subject, " to a! whole likely to have been mistaken on such a point of capital importance, and which attributes both the fliad au t the Ddyssey to Homer." Of the eric poets later than Homer the most considerable is Hesio L and of him Mr. Jevons gives a particularly successful sudy. Lyric postry in its several branches is the topic of a second d vision of his work. As he proceeds with his task he seems to rain warmth and animation of stell and in the chapter or Alegas and Sappho he reaches the pictaresque. Many of his sketches of individual poets, in fact, are extremely vivid. He sets forth what is known of their personal character and adventures the circumstances of their lives the influences under which they wrote, as well as the literary tendencies which they represented. His analyses of their works are generally subtle. He is not satisied with presenting an abstract of their contents but in all the most important cases he points out the essential differences between one post and auother, and the precise qualities to which poems owe heir celebrity. The exactness of his criticism in

meh matters is a high merit.

In the book devote i to the drama the clearness of Mr. Javons's discriminations becomes still more conspicuous than in the previous chapters. The characteristics of the three great masters of trage ty, Æschylas, Sophocles and Euripiles, are strongly drawn; and although more complete and searching criticisms of their separate productions could easily be found, we might look far for a more satisfactory outline of the development of the drama in which they mark successive stages. With the comedy of Aristophanes his sympathies are perhaps less close; at any rate he passes it rather quickly. The prose writers, under the divisions history, oratory and philosophy, are treated in a separate part The chronological order is thus somewhat dis turbed, but not seriously. Prose was a comparatively late discovery, and poetry had reached its highest glories before Hippocrates and Herodotus demonstrated the value of another mole of literary expression. The developmen of the two forms was historically distinct, and they are best treated

apart. The period which Mr. Jevons chooses for the close of his work is the date of the destruction of Greek freedom on the battlefield of Chipronea. Pindar, Euripides, Aristophanes, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Æschines, Plato, are the last of the illustrious writers who fall under his review. We miss, therefore, some names which might be brought within the classical period; but he is justified in his assumption that classical Greek literature was virtually at, an end when Greece lost her free lom and ceased to produce men of genius. In a concluding chapter he attempts to show how the characteristics of Greek literature were influenced by the physical features of the different states; but here he is not juite successful, for he often mistakes mere analogies, which may be more or less fanciful, for definite relations of cause and effect. We have referred to his style, which is sometimes simple to the verge of rusticity, so martinical indeed, that it tempts one to smile. But he is always clear. His ideas are fully formed, and his only object seems to be to state them plainly. So intensely matter-of fact is his deme mor at the beginning that we are unprepared for the acute poetic sensibility exhibited in some of his later pages, and the many line and just remarks which fall from him in moments of feeling. In seaking of the Greek poets' treatment of nature, he has this excellent passage: "Nature was still the mother of the Greek, and he was old enough to sympathize with her, and to go to her to be comforted and consoled, but not old enough or self-conscious enough to know as well as feel that he loved her." In writing of Sappho he even becomes eloquent. But as a rule he seems to have little or no care for literary form. There will naturally be some curiosity to know how his work compares with one of the latest and best known of its rivals, the "History of Classical Greek Literaure." by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, which treats nearly the same period at little more than the same length. Professor Manaffy, being at great pains to give the present aspect of Greek scholarship, devoles a great deal of space to controversial matters, such is the authorship of Homer, and to bibliographical information, remarks upon the merits and defects of translations, etc., topics which Mr. Jevons purposely passes over. The analyses of particular poems and dramas are often fuller in Mahaffy than in the new "History." On the other hand, Mr. Jevons surpasses his predecessor in the expasition of a poet's characteristics, and often shows a far higher capacity for poetical appreciation. In precision, clearness and conciseness he is decidedly the better cr physical features of the different states; but here he is not quite successful, for he often mistakes mere appreciation. In precision, clearness and concise ness he is decidedly the better critic of the two and upon the whole his simplicity gains on the

## NEW NOVELS.

SOCIALISM, HISTORY AND HUMOR IN FIC-TION.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGES. By W. H. MALLOCK, 12mo. pp. 513. G. P. Putnam's Sons. NEÆRA. A Tale of Ancient Rome. By John W. Gra-HAM. Crown 8vo. pp. 427. Macmillan & Co.

SANDRA BELLONI (originally "Emilia in England").

By George Mempiryl, New edition, 12mo, pp.
vii., 462. Roberts Brothers. Few writers reflect more faithfully the prevailing currents of thought than Mr. Mallock. But he is much more than a telephonic diaphragm. While possessed of a singularly attractive style and a power of delicate caracature which produces effects and faithful. The author's meaning is very seldom | hardly distinguishable from the travestied original, he brings also to the treatment of troublesome topics a keen insight and a healthy optimism which almost persuade his readers to accept as real solutions the half-truths so forcefully and plausibly presented. No one can point refined and gentle satire with higher art than he, and as few nodern writers use purer English, his books are sure to charm and delight even when they do not convince. It was inevitable that so unpressionable a writer should be influenced by the Socialist dectrines which are fermenting so actively among the masses everywhere in these days, and perhaps it was not less mevitable that in throwing his views upon these burning questions into the form of fiction he should prefer the aspect of the democratic movement as seen from a social elevation to that which is obtainable from the plane of the agitation.

He has therefore given in "The Old Order Changes" what is probably a faithful picture of the impressions produced on the English aristoeratic mind by modern Socialism. Not that be omits the Socia'ist case itself. One of his characters, Mr. Foreman, is a lightly disguised portrait of the English Socialist Hyndman, and the figure is painted in with vigorous lines and in almost furid colors. He is permitted to advance the stable arguments of his class with freedom, tempered, it is true, by the superior knowledge of facts possessed by one of the Roman Catholic priests who occupy such influential positions in some of Disraeli's novels. This priest, Mr. Staalev, is certainly very cleverly drawn, and a quite attractive and estimable personage; a little too omniscient, but humanly defective in the arguments-intended to be crushing-with which he meets the philosophy of Mr Humbert Spender (alias Mr. Herbert Spencer) Carew, the hero, is an aristocrat deeply touched by compassion for the lot of the majority; a really fine character, whose mental waverings between the race and class temperament which fights against the democratic spirit, and his own strong impulses toward fraternity, are set forth with remarkable

is told with so much tenderness and delicacy as to deserve hearty praise and admiration. Nothing prettier than the episode of Carew's infatuation for Violet Capel has been seen in print for a long time, and, ind-ed, there are few of the scenes at the o d Provenca e chatean which are not marked by a singular charm Many of the persons of the drama are uncommonly natural and life-ike. Lady Mangotsfield m ght have stepped out of one of Thackeray's books, for example, and Lady Chislehurst and Mr. Inigo are only less real. Lord Aiden, said to be intended for Lord Lytton, is shadowy; a mere outline sketch, in fact. The Burton sisters, especidoubt a remarkable young woman of extremely exalted i leals and comprehensive views for the amelioration of the condition of a r fellow creatures, but there is something intangible and unreal about her. Ine suspects that she is more an embodiment of the author's idea of the humanitarianism of Rome than

For Mr. Mallock's last story, like his first, is what the Germans call a "tendency" book. Some people avoid this kind of literature as children avoid the sweets which have been made the vehicle for physic, and for such as demand only relaxation and amusement from fiction, this attitude is no doubt the natural one. But even readers who are indifferent to social prob lems are sure to find a unpens tion for the didactic and suggestive parts of "The Old Order Chauges," in the brilliant and delightful imaginative sections which so to speak, brow up the heavier chapters The question presented is the one which ha hitherto bailled human intelligence; the chimination of suffering, if not altogether, then to such an extent as may permit the masses to realize that they have souls, and that there is something in life worth living for beyond the mere satisfaction of exhausting tori. This question is complicated with that of the foture and toe duties of the English pristogracy. Thus it is a most point whether democracy will leave to the governing class the disposition of its own destines; but if it is free, what course ought it to follow? The presentation of these deep problems sufficiently indicates the scope of Mr. Mallock's undertaking. Naturally he finds no satisfactory solution in the usual economic theories. Socialism is a fever-dream, capable only of producing mischief. Trades-unionism, cooperation, profit-sharing, are good to a certain extent, but none of them go far enough. The radical defect of all the plans thus far proposed is that they omit the influences which are alone capable of holding men to any system contentedly the influences, that is, of religion.

Mr. Mailock, as is usual with him, moreover im plies that when religion is in question there can be no assurance and no permanent relief save with the great mother church. Rome is for him, as it was for all the world during ages, the centre of the universe. Nor is modern Socialism, hostile as it appears, really immeas to the Catholic Church, ti latter always vigilantly observing the current of men's thoughts and the direction of human progress, but awaiting the fit opportunity to assimilate the new doc'rines, and make them her own. Sociatism sanctified and refined by religion is the result expected from this movement; Socialism divested of all that makes it a menace to order and progress, and endowed with the spirit of love shich will render it a realization of pristine Gospel teachings. As a concrete application of this idea the author introduces a curious suggestion for practically blending monachism and Socialism in action. This is to be a monastic or conventual society, but while vowed to poverty and purity it is not to be vowed to seclusion. It is to pursue an industrial career; to establish a factory, for example; all the brothers or sisters are to work therein as mechanics, at current wages, but the entire profits of their production are to be employed in philauthropic ways. This is the last word of nineteenth century thought from Mr. Mallock's point of view. He does not, indeed, insist much upon the plan, nor do his characters appear to regard it with any enthusiasm. It is the embarrassment of all attempts to deal with hard puzzles that far'ure to furnish a practicable solution is resented and too often looked upon as proof of special incompetence. But no one has succeeded any better than Mr. Mallock, and at least his ideas have the merit of a certain freshness.

He has dealt with the questions of the day in oright, clever, pleasant and eminently readable manner, and he has also written a story which presents strong claims to popularity, and what is more than popularity (save to the publisher) the approval of the still restricted class of readers who know literary excellence and appreciate beauties

The chapter of Roman history upon which Mr. Graham founds his romance of "Nemra" is that which records the retirement of the Emperor Tiberius to a life of scandalous privacy in the island of Capri. Novels compounded of adventure and archeology are somewhat out of date, lacking in almost all cases the subtle studies of character, and ingenious analyses of motive as determined by character, upon which the contemporary reader depends for his intellectual stimulant, The literary scholars who dress fiction in classical robes have given us brilliant representations of the manners and external aspect of ancient times, but the personages are never quite alive for us: we are never en rapport with the thoughts, feelings, moral impulses, and springs of action of a society whose theories of life and conduct rest upon a different foundation from our own. This is the defect which "Newra" shares with the whole class of books to which it belongs. On the other hand, it is an excellent specimen of the merits of the same class.

The descriptions of Roman magnificence with which it abounds are well drawn, vivid without false color, precise without tiresome detail. Tiberius in his fortress-palace, surrounded by courtiers, panders and richly-garbed women ; Apicius, at his last and greatest banquet, where he poisons himself because he can no longer afford a fortune for a dinner; Sejanus and Livia, knights, Senators, prætorians, artisans, slaves and cut-throatsthese are the actors in Mr. Grabam's drama, and they all make a striking appearance. The story is one of crimes and mysteries, with an undercurrent of love, and it is unfolded with a plenty of exciting incident, in which the vices and caprices of the Emperor have a conspicuous part. Some of the scenes in the island of Caprese, such as the imprisonment and subjugation of Plantia and the defence of Newra, in Casar's presence by her lover, Martialis, are powerfully set forth. The construction, too, is generally careful, although it may be objected that the conclusion is forced, since the tangle of affairs is finally loosed by a surprising exhibition of clamency and justice on the part of

The new issue of George Meredith's novels may be supposed to indicate the continued popularity of a writer who certainly has many claims upon our attention. His most striking quality, it seems to us, is the versatility of his fancy. He presents to us in "Sandra Belloni" an extraordinary array of characters, distinguished from one another by marked differences, and nearly all of them exhibit ing individual, if not original, traits; and as they are all kept in active motion the effect is that of an extremely varied and lively show. But if his versatillity is what impresses us first, his best quality is really his humor. For his moralizing-critical, evnical, satirical, hight and easy, deep and cutting, or what you will-we do not care. There is too much of it, and it is too painfully peppered with epigram. But when he drops himself, and allows his characters to speak, he is sometimes delightful. Mrs. Chump is a farcical conception, we were tempted to say of the first order. That would be an exaggeration, for she has been surpassed by many of her prototypes She is neverthe'ess an anfailing source of muse neet. Even her vulgarity does not become tire some; and several of the situations in which she figures show high comic talent. There is hamor of a very different kind, not without a little touch of pathos, in the account of some of Sandra's escapades; and there is a commoner sort of humor, not droll but satirical, in the skeeches of ambitious semi-genteel society. The herome, Sandra, is an English, gifted with an extraortioary voice and tare musical susceptibilities, capable of a violent and pureasonable love which bears so much that we turn from it with weariness. But if she is interesting, it is rather an interest of eurosity than of symonthy that she exc tes. If we try to analyze her we are not long in discovering that she has no character whitever, no sense of herosm, and in fine, no moral qualities. That is the fault with all the personages in the story. They are clearly distinguishable from one another by superficial traits, but none has essential qualities of character. We watch them chatting, flirting, quarreling, maner wring, like the crowd at a face bail, and we get no glimpse of real men and women under the disguises. Nor can it be said that the construction "the story is any more successful than the design of the conserver. Phere is bustle without much progress, melical without development, and at the close matters are left in a vague condition for which not ling can account but ally the elder ones, are well done. Consuelo is no the failure of the author's invention.

## PERSONAL PECULIA ITIES OF AUTHORS.

SET FORTH AFTER THE LATEST FASHION. William Shakespeare used to rise betimesow and then earlier. After a punge bath in the Avon e generally read an essay of Richard Gran White's. Brenk a tover, he diet test a play or two to Proncis Bacon, who came around every morning with his typewriter. As soon as he had eaten his lunch he went porarily absent. If he was not Shakespeare strolled down to the Corners and talked polities with the postmaster After dinner he gave his views to ching the madness of Hamlet to inquiring correspondents who enclosed samps for reply and then went to the theatre. He was an the free last. On hi way home be looked in at his club and hear! the frish problem solved. He had a standing offer of one cent a word troin Literary Life for all he chose to write and had other tributes paid to his conceded thients.

John Milton created "Parwlise Lost" on a wager that he could not turn out a thousand lines in a thousand hours. He had an exquisite library of reseweed with mother-ofpearl dado that reached to the coming but preferred to the situation more interesting; for somehow a do his literary work on a bleycle, gabling the wheel with on his knee. It is believed in the knowingest circles of culture that no photograph of him, taken waite par-uning and injured his eyesight reading on his journey up and down the elevated railroad. He was a hard student and allowed houself no recreation except parsing his own

Homer took the classical course. He had breakfast served utm on the European plan in bed, and under this convenient arrang-ment got up at misce lancous hours. The inspectors of elections became involved in a so he spent an hour or so every afternoon at the telepalities involved in the dispute. The centlemanty telegraph operator a last grew weary of hearing him inquire, "liave the back counties been heard from yelf His literary methol, like Milton's, was peculiar. When he was bent upon composition, accompanied by his faithful shorthand reporter ne descende: to the bottom of a well that stood on the old Homer farm. As fast as he fluished a page of manuscript he sent it up in one of the buckets and it was taken out and nurried to the printer's by his devoted wife, who used to linger around the well with her knitting for that purpose. A young aily of South Oshkosh -whose name is withheld by re-quest-for some time channes that she wrote the " lhad". and lost the copy alighting from an omnibus while on her way to the office of the magazine that had agreed to subtish it at the usual advertising rates. Homer bought per off-at all events the copyright was taken out in his

Rienard Brin-ley Sheridan never got up until 5:30 p. m., which goes to show bowiate he must have been up nights securing a temporary loan. He wrote all his plays and speeches on the back of unreceipted bills and owing to this piece of though rulness never ran short of paper. His interary method, like Homer's, was peculiar. He was accustomed to compose in a crimson plush shootine-jacket hanging from a figure trapeze by one loot out of a flying balloon. It is hardly strange, therefore, that he wrote stowly an i made many aft rations. He was reported to have been an earnest friend of the reomition inovement, but the friends of Pronition are conflicted that the out have proved at alife.

Thomas Badington Macadisy occasionally caught a nap in an omnious of a ratiway car, but took no regular sleep. He will, indices, go to bed nights, like other people, but he made it a rine to task to binsel, until moralize in order to keep in practice. He cose at 6 octoes and managed to assuminate an encyclopasdia before breakfast. He was that kind of a man. One day The Lon on times ent a reporter to als house to ask aim to favot the paper with his view of the genesis of earth quakes, in a nutshell. Macadisy stated his view as consistely as possible, but it was noticed that the limes of the next morning was compelled to print an eight page solid agate supplement in order to make room for the nutshell. The reporter o mainted suicide. Macadisy interary method, has sheridan's, was peculiar. In order to get what he called the local color for his "lays of Home," he served for several months as brakeman on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Ratiroad. This fact is not generally known. He was sky in company—sky of keeping quite to more than fourteen consecutive seconds at a time.

Byron never liked to see a woman eat, but occasionally partook of an mobirmaive lumen timeself. His favorite disa was a Scotca reviewer, enopped fine as muce-meet and reasted. He laterary method, like Macadisy's, was peculiar. He kept a high-spirited three year-old Kentucky norse that had sever been urchen and when he feet in the innor for creating were be buckled himself to the side of this beast and then had it tarned loose in the London streets without either saddle or bridge. Often needed out the beast and then had it farne paper. His interary method, like Homer's, was peculiar. He was accustomed to compose in a crimson

walking without having a plated or two in her belt and a gun on her (dimpled) shoulder. She wrote from 9 a m until 2 r. m. Sundays and holidays excepted. After lunch she was accustomed to go and hide ters if behind the currant bushes in the garden in front of her resi-dence and fite duckshot into the legs of strangers who came up the gravel walk to ask her for her antograph. Her literary method, like styron's, was peculiar. When

"Singing still dost soar And soaring ever, singest," skating still she poetized and poetising ever skated. She was one of the charter memoers of the Now-England Society and is understood to have written "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," at the request of Roger Williams.

# A LUCKY BLUNDER.

A REMINISCENCE OF WINCHESTER.

THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO SAW THE BATTLE From The New-York Weekly Iribine's" New Stories of the War"—Copyright, 1886.

How Lee managed to slip away from Hooker

and Halleck, and hide the flower of the Confederate forces, in fact the Army of Northern Virginia. Tiberius, for which no adequate explanation is at-

sweet little city in the valley, hill rising upon hiii higher and higher on either hand till at length they tower into the shadowy outline of the Blue Ridge in full view afar off. Its well-kept gardens. tine residences well-rayed streets and still more its air of literary an | moral refin mert make it one of the most desirable little cities in all Vicginia. Its girls were intensely beautiful and in tensely disloyal. The de is ne'er hated holy water with half the bifte ness that these levely Winchester girls hated us. All this to young fellows made woman never looks as stately and fascinating as noble scorn. It gives the veriest country girl the of a queen of tragedy, exalts her stature, colors her cheeks, lights her eye with dangerous and bewitching fires. Old as I am I am not aged enough to forget the Winchester girl of 1863.

It was a bright morning, some 12, as I said be fore. On the perryvine road, on the Hantown road, our pickets has been med on an arriven in our cavary a few mins out were chased in by a m\_ Stones all backs n's old leaten or heroes was in\_ Stones, and onclosing out health of heroes was within a few mines. We were then in tenegra fine communication with Washington animoy asked for oncess. "Home the once of twoss his asstorder, transfer one femow, I see him yet, so mee old soull brown, tail gamin, grizzly and grim, his white locks tunnoung in ach, consisted masses over his broad stoop on shoulders. A oracle man hever n ed. He had the hre and the stall that herois and prophets and martyrs are made of, 10 or .a., s he sat twenty feet high m a box on the marstall of our fort on the hill. He watched the movements of the chemy as they wound with ser-cut cors about as occasionally he would come down dash to the field, can a charge in person, then return to his elecated station in plain view of an enemy at no time a mix off. The sharp-shootes could see him sitting there, eyegass in nan, all day long, the was a remarkably plain and attractive target and their bulk is a medianti-lessly about his channed body and life for more than forty-er ht hours of consecutive firing, say twelve hours a day. His counting was riddied. His cap twice pierced. The flagstan a foot through shot off over his head. The box he sat in was bored full of holes. The flag was shot down above him twice and again; when the ood fellow wome him twice and again; when the old fellow would not down juck it up wave it at the enemy in a shower of lead and replace it as best he could. I note it saw but one braver act—note re saw but one braver act—note from the contract of the con

The enemy kept crowding in upon us, and we resisted him at every point. But what were 8,000 against 40,000? God loves the big battalions the survival of the big dog is axiomatic. The skirmishing of Thursday was light, of Friday heavier. In the evenin; a short battle was fought and only darkness closed the contest, to be reoched on Saturnay morning. On the line of hills a mile west of Winchester was one company of our regiment under Captain Arkenoe, who ten that day. It had other troops—say 500 in all, with two dieses of artillery. The main army of Milroy was now forced within the main fort just above, west of and overlooking Winchester. There we had about 6,000 men en Saturday, June 14. We were completely surrounled by the man who had humbled McClellan, crushed Burnstoe and humiliated Pope, and just now had completely failed and object the surrounled by and hamiliated Pope, and just now had completely foiled and cluded Hooker with his Argus eyed scouts. All night Friday the Confederates were so close to us we could hear them con ceising and see them stan in a jout their camp-fires cooking they super, while Hooker and Halleck and every newspaper writer north of the Potomac had no more knowledge of their whereabouts than if they were lost in the Sahara. Saturday was a hot day. Our active force was engaged all day, for Milroy ventured out of the fort t bear back the enemy. Rhodes sumwas a hot day. Our active force was engaged all day, for Milroy ventured out of the fort t bear back the enemy, khodes sum moned him to surrend r. Milroy wrote back, "Go to —. Come and take us," and the battle was resumed and raged till dark. It was a gloomy might. No lights. No rations. The Confederates close around us, more recircless because they could afford to be, made no pretence at concealment, but kept their fires biazing and their camps roaring all around us all nt t. A strong man rejoicethor to run a race, or fight a battle either. Sunnay mo nunc, even to the naked eye of the chilled and half-starved boys in the rifle-pits, it was apparent that Ewell and khodes had been reinforced by another corps. Now 75,000 fighting men closed around us—not." men in, buckram either Thermopyle, Marathon, Waterloo nor Sedan ever witnessed braver men than the army that at that moment had Milroy in its terrible coils. With the first streak of dawn the enemy opened on us from all sides with all its artillery—probably 100 pieces. We had but 36 pieces all told, but the unequal duei beran and continued with great sourit through all that splends, glorious sabbath day in June, the transless artillery—probably 100 pieces. We had but 36 pieces all told, but the unequal duei beran and continued with great sourit through all that splends, glorious sabbath day in June, the transless artillery probably 100 pieces. We had but 36 pieces all told, but the unequal duei beran and continued with great sourit through all that splends, glorious sabbath day in June, the transless artillery probably 100 pieces. We had but 36 pieces all told, but the unequal duei beran and continued with great sourit through all that splends, glorious sabbath day in June, the transless artillery and 500 brave men kept up resistance to the last. Some of our men were captured; the list of casualties was never known and never will be. I saw the Confederates club the busins out of our men after they surrendered, the only act of barbairty to the proposition of the

fort, some of their heaviest artillery was quickly placed in position there and poured a most destructive fire into our ranks. The 110th Ohig under General Keifer, the 87th Pennsylvania and our regiment, with possibly the 18th Connecticut, for I write wholly from an unaided but very vivid recollection, and without a note or book to mislead me, were ordered out to retake the fort just captured. We had about a mile to march across open fields—under the terrible fire of the enemy who laughed at the madness of the order. We marched back to our main fort quicker than we went. If I could forget those sad upturned faces that I saw on our return to our fort. I would

The results of the state of the

deep.

Large bodies move slowly. We selt our way carefully and quietly out into the highway. We passed through the enemy's lines, passed his pickets, almost touched elbews, and be never chal-

ets, almost touched eibe ws, and he never challenged us once or fired on us or we or him. This was mysterious then bur like all military affairs clear now. He knew what he was up to and we didn't, that was the difference. But we had Hobson's choice—we had to move on to our fate. We had several brass bands and drum corps at Winchester, but no use for them now. "Not acrum was heard." Not a trumpet. They didn't play "I he Girl I Left Behind Me" at Winchester, though lots of 'em were thinking on her. We had more use for our heels than our ears, and very little taste for music that morning. We were momentarily expective, the diffest strate of with despendency of defeat, we find on to the old flag. It made no noise as it streamed ort in the morning light but its still small voice was heard even in that awful silence as before and after it was often heard above the roar of war. We had proceeded so slowly as our scouts felt the way, and we halted so often, that the first gray streaks of dawn were seen in the east when we reached the little brook by the great brick house

at Stevenson's Station, four miles north of Win-chester. To the right was a thick wood, with a steep embankment just above the road. To the steep embankment just above the road. To the eft was a wide expanse of c'eared land, beavy and wet with a great crop of biossoning clover. The brick house also to the left, I never forgot till. Suddenly as if a thorsand cannon were shot off at once, we found ourselves ambuscaded, surrounded, bred on from every quarter by an unseen foe. We were in the midst of the great army of Lee, a handful of men in the mighty clutches of the army that we had kept back from the North, back from the typical days, deterthat we had kept back from the North, back from the tysburg therefore, for five mortal days, determined to be stopped in its grand march no longer, sure now of its victory, and the last obstruct on removed to its divance North. General Lee was accustomed to say that Mirroy chose the ground for the light of Getty-burg without knowing it; and be did, too. If Lee's forces had passed over us on Thursday, on Saturday they would have been in Maryland, on Sanday in Fennsylvania and Harrisburg, and the cities North would have left their fory, and Gettysburg temained unknown forever. The foe met one worthy of his steel. Notwithstanding the olds against us we charged his batteries, took his cannon "in the smoke of their discharge," only to have them retaken from us the moment after. Cavalry poured in on us from all sides. By the stone fences that lined the road we withstood their charges and gave them as good as they sent. Dislodged from one tence we soon found another, until at last about 9 o'clock, for the battle raged in a furious hand-to-hand grapple for the last a serious and some and not be one of the last last about 9 o'clock, for the battle raged in a furious band-to-hand grapple for five hours, we were forced to retreat toward North Mountain, but not all of us. Swift as the roe, I managed, thanks to my heels, to find the mountains managed, thanks to my heels, to find the mountains too! But at every jump! had good company and plenty of it, horse, toot and dragoon, generals, colonels and privates, hurry skurry, over stone fences, across ditches, over fields, up North Mountain, safe among its pines and laurels, onward two days and nights to the Potomac, where we crossed with the rebel cavalry at our heels, and their guns booming on the other side! It was a mad chase, the end of Milroy and his Spartan band for that campaign. Milroy removed, half our force killed or scattered, the rest of us brought up at Bloody Run, Pennsylvana, and in due course participated in the conclusion of the whole matter at Gettys-

Run, Pennsylvania, and in due course participated in the conclusion of the whole matter at Gettysburg, and had the satisfaction of chasing our old enemy up the Valley as fast as he had chased us down the month before.

As the monnebanks of the political persuasion say, as their coat-tails flap in the breeze, and they proceed to save the country with wind, "one word more and I am done." I promised to describe the one act of the one person that was braver in that struggle than even the heroic Milroy humself, and with that I conclude this veracious bit of history written with charcoal. The brick house to the lett of Stevenson's Station, the scene of Monday's fight, was the abode of one of the statehest, queenliest, sauciest girls in all that old valley. Not a man in our army but I ad heard her tongue abusing